

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON,
At the Bank's Ratification Meeting at Worcester,
September 6th, 1857.

Mr. President, and Young Men of Massachusetts:

On the first Tuesday of November last, one hundred and eight thousand intelligent, patriotic, liberty-loving Massachusetts men, Republicans and Americans, recognizing the paramount issues growing out of the system of human slavery in America, rallied around the banner of equal, universal and impartial liberty, borne by JOHN C. FREMONT. (Loud applause.) On that day, Massachusetts placed herself, where Massachusetts has a right to be, in the thousand majority, Massachusetts placed herself front to front with the Slave Power of the Republic. The same standard that then waved in victory over Massachusetts, the same flag on which were written, in characters of living light, the glorious mottoes of Liberty, has now been entrusted to the hands of Nathaniel P. Banks. (Loud applause.)

Why not, then, men of Massachusetts, rally around him, as you rallied in 1856 around the same old banner, in the hands of a brave, true, and gallant leader? Will you listen to the seductive voice of personal ambition? (Voices.—No., no.) Will you turn your backs upon your old flag—upon its chosen leader? Will you break from the ranks of freedom, and retreat afflait, fraternize and associate with those who last autumn scoffed at your principles, maligned your candidate, and shouted with joy when the black flag of slavery waved victorious in the beams of that November sun? (Voices—No., no.)

We are now told, Mr. President, that the living issues which last year summoned more than one hundred thousand sons of Massachusetts to the standard of Fremont, are among the issues of the past!

Does not slavery in America now look up a hideous and appalling spectre? Does it not stand revealed in the light of the nineteenth century to the gaze of mankind, in all its baseness and revolting aspects? What an aggregation of inhuman outrages, and sunless agonies! Millions of beings created in the image of God, sunk in the lofty level of a common humanity down to the abject submission of unreasoning beasts of burden, manacles, chains and whips,—pens, prisons and execution-blocks, bludeons, and blood-hounds—scourings, lynchings and burnings,—laws to torture the body, shrivel the mind, and debase the soul,—labor disdained and laborers despised—towns wasting away, and fields smitten with sterility,—non-slaveholders impoverished and degraded, and slaveholders, in defiance of the lessons of history, the deductions of philosophy, the rights of humanity, and the teachings of Christianity, proudly vaunting their shame before the nations, make up this deformed monstrosity of organized barbarism, which stands in shameless defiance of the civilization, humanity and Christianity of America. We of the North may aver our faces from this hateful spectacle—*to the accusing voice of mankind we may reply, in faltering accents—We are not responsible!* This crime is not ours! This guilt is not on our souls! but we, as American citizens, jealous of the renown of our country, cannot but feel the deepest mortification and shame, as we see the sneer of scorn on the lips of mankind.

By a long series of assumptions and aggressive acts, by concessions and compromises, we of Massachusetts have been associated with and made responsible for this crime of human slavery in America.—When the illustrious framers of the Constitution assembled in 1787, our history as a nation was radiant with hope for the rights and liberty of mankind. Seventy years have just closed, and that history is blurred and blotted, stained by dabs for human slavery which bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the patriot who loves his country, who feels the stain upon her fame as a blot of personal dishonor. Now a privileged class, bound together by two thousand millions of dollars, represented by the souls and bodies of more than four millions of bondsmen, rules with resistless power fifteen sovereign States. This aristocracy, based upon the immutable rights of humanity, now controls the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the national government. In the pride and arrogance of usurped power, this slaveholding aristocracy bids the Supreme Court after the inhuman sentiment that four millions of men in Republican America have no rights that white men are bound to respect, and the President of the Republic to declare that slavery exists in the national territories by the authority of the Constitution of the United States. And shall we, the men of Massachusetts, oppose only a temporary, faint and heartless resistance to these ignominious avowals, which bring disgrace upon the American name?

—Shall we calmly rest, The Christian's scorn, the Heathen's mirth, Content to live the lingering jest, And by-word of a mocking earth?

Or shall we not rather awake to the full realization of our responsibilities—to the full comprehension of our duties? Responsibilities rest upon us—duty press upon us. Responsibility and duty go hand in hand. Our path of duty, young men of Massachusetts, is radiant with light—as luminous as the pathway of the sun across the heavens on this bright autumnal day.

The earnest young men of Massachusetts—of the North—should cultivate a profound reverence for humanity, for its sacred and inalienable rights; hate, loathe and abhor slavery in every form; resolve that whenever, wheresoever and however they may be moved to act, their voices shall be for **FREEDOM EVERYWHERE**—**FOR SLAVERY NOWHERE**; that, in their own States, every man, no matter what race he may claim—kindred—no matter what blood may flow through his veins,—shall stand before the law and the peer of the most favored sons of men; that over him—poor, ignorant and friendless though he may be—shall be thrown the panoply of just, equal and humane laws. Then, by law, by legal and constitutional action, take possession of the National Government, place every Department, Executive, Legislative and Judicial, in the hands of such men, and such men only, as will see to it that the nation, within its own exclusive jurisdiction, rejects the **WILD AND GUILTY PHANTASY THAT MAN MAY HOLD PROPERTY IN MAN**.

Having prostrated in the dust the slaveholding oligarchy, shivered its power over the nation to atoms, they should pronounce the doom of human slavery **EVERWHERE UNDER THE EXCLUSIVE AUTHORITY OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT**—

By prohibiting it in each and all the Territories of the United States;

By abolishing it, in the District of Columbia, abrogating all oppressive laws now in force there, and placing the whole people under the protection of just and humane legislation;

By repealing the law of 1807, and all other laws giving the sanction of the nation to the domestic slave-trade;

By repealing the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 and all other acts for the reclamation of persons held to service or labor, thereby leaving to each State, under its own sense of Constitutional obligation and duty, the execution of that provision of the Constitution concerning persons held to service or labor in one State escaping into another;

By reversing the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States concerning the citizenship of persons of color;

By avowing the settled policy of the nation to be, that all Territory hereafter acquired,—on the North or on the South—free or slave—shall forever consecrate to freedom and free institutions for all;

By proclaiming to their countrymen of the South, in mild but firm language, that, while they concede slavery in the States to be, in the words of the Supreme Court, a mere municipal regulation, founded upon and limited to the verge of state law;—while they do not claim to possess Constitutional power to abolish slavery in the States, and do not mean to usurp power—they do mean to put the **NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN OPEN AND ACTIVE SYMPATHY WITH FREEDOM EVERYWHERE**—they do mean to use the legitimate influence and patronage of the nation in favor of the proscribed men of the South, who believe as Jefferson believed, that **'THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IS THE FIRST OBJECT DESIRED'**—who are resolved, as was Washington, that their **'SUFFICE SHALL NOT BE WANTING'** to abolish it by **'Legislative authority'**, as they do mean, by the example and daily beauty of free institutions, and by **'all means sanctioned by law, humanity and religion'**, to appeal to the heart, the conscience, the reason and the interest of the men of the South—slaveholders and non-slaveholders—until they shall

—Bid the bondmen cast the chain

From fettered limb and soul aside,

and walk forth in the majesty of freedom, **'redeemed'**, in the language of Curran, **'regenerated'**, disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation.'

SPEECH OF HON. N. P. BANKS.

The following extracts from Mr. Banks's speech at the Worcester Ratification Convention contains all of that relates to the subject of slavery:

It is not indispensable that the sentiment of our people upon the subject of slavery should be made avowed or deeper. **'We suffer as much from overzeal as from indifference.'** Nor is it necessary that we should give it a more constant attention. The government under which we live will not at present allow us to forget.

We may admit, as we all do, that slavery, in itself, is a crime—that it is at war with the precepts of Christianity—that it is the legitimate champion of barbaric usage, as against the institutions of modern civilization, as the natural enemy of the diffusion of knowledge.—of the freedom of the press, of speech, and even of thought. Yet it is equally the whole speech is one of the most deadly, misty, hazy compositions we ever undertook to read. It is full of abstract propositions on government and society, all of which are true, and some of which are false, but all commonplace. It is like Hamlet's cloud, which veils either a weasel or a whale, at the pleasure of the spectator's eye. The gods in Homer, when they get into a scrape, disappear in a convenient mist; so Mr. Banks disappears from impertinent investigation in a fog of generalities. He is recommended to the support of the people of Massachusetts as a self-made man: a mechanic, a working-man. From each persons we expect plainness of speech and directness of statement. But Mr. Banks is not worthy of the oldest functionary in the Circular office. Had it been spoken by a graduate of a college, it might have been used as an argument to show the impractical character of scholars, and the unfitness learned pursuits to train men for the duties of life. Indeed, the elaborate indistinctness of many paragraphs in the speech is so unlike what might have been expected of a gentleman reared and trained in the rough school of labor and struggle, as Mr. Banks has been, that we cannot but surmise that he has had the assistance of some of the eminent hands of his party in the preparation of it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. We acknowledge our special indebtedness to the *Bea* for its prompt and generous compliance with our request to publish in its columns our reply to *'Sigma'*, which was so unjustly excluded from the *Transcript*, without any reason given for its rejection. It will give us pleasure to reciprocate this kindness of the *Bea*, at any time.

NEED VOTERS IN LOUISIANA. Horrible! horrible! negro vote in Louisiana! One of the counties of Louisiana a number of men tinged with negro blood have been in the habit of voting since 1838. They now vote the Democratic ticket, and when an attempt was made to exclude them from the polls, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer and the Executive Committee of the party interfered with arms to enforce their right. What ever goes for Slavery and Democracy, it is all right; otherwise, it is all wrong!

NEED FELLOWS IN THE MAJESTY OF FREEDOM. 'Redeemed' in the language of Curran, 'regenerated', disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation.'

THE LIBERATOR.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1857.

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.

Whereas, it must be obvious to all, that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming

defined geographical line. If a river or harbor is to be improved, machinery to be constructed, or a national capitol to be erected, it is chiefly to be done under the supervision of army officers, who are more contemptuously identified with the government than scroffs at the idea of the equality and brotherhood of the race, which sneers at all efforts to emancipate the bondmen or elevate the lowly. They are summoned to secure the ultimate emancipation of millions of overawed and submissive bondmen;—to vindicate the rights and dignity of free labor and freedom, and to purify the nation from the stains and pollutions of slavery, and so purify the nation from the degradation of a decimal of independence. The *Bea* is interdicted to the political government in the Democracy of Independence. They are summoned to this mighty task by that genius emboldened in the Democracy of Independence, the whole country and the people of the whole country,—by that Philanthropy, which cares for the sons and daughters of toil and industry,—by that Religion, which teaches us that all the races of men are of one blood, the children of a common Father—and that the humblest slave that trembles and cowers under the frown or the lash of a master, overseer, or taskmaster, in the recesses of the far South, is a being whom God created, and for whom His Son mounted the cross. Seldom, in human history, has there been permitted by the Providence of God to young men of any country, or of any age, to engage in a work so vast in its conception, so ardent in its character, so sanctified by patriotism and humanity, so sure now to win the sympathies of mankind, the applause of the coming generations, the approval of conscience, and the blessings of Almighty God!

The South possesses, as we are often told, the avenues of industry and trade. It holds the production of the richest cotton fields on the face of the earth, and it can make its supply plenty or scarce. The cotton manufacture is advancing here, in England and in France, with all the impetus that the raw material does not keep pace with the increased consumption! Commercial men and manufacturers are speculating upon advances in cotton, and the inadequacy of slave labor in supply, which may in another year carry the cost per pound. Under such circumstances, the manufacturer must be checked, if it does not for a time at least, cease. Ought civilization to rest in its advancing labors, at this advanced stage of its progress, until the negro bondman can toddle along up to the standard? Should the civilized world say all to the cotton-grower, recuperate your worn-out lands, seek new ideas and new mechanical agencies to your culture, as we have to our manufacture—what will be the answer—not now, but soon—not from the cotton-grower, but from the Southern politician? If you seek cheaper cotton, give us more negroes and cheaper land! Was the continent of America, which its rich cotton fields created as a theatre upon which the negro, in a state of bondage, was only to tend his capacity for the production of the cotton plant, and there to rest? Who believes it? Did we pursue a like policy with the aboriginal inhabitants of the continent, or has the civilized world ever recognized such a disregard in labor as an eternal barrier to industrial advantages?

Is there not in these things—and they are but examples—a common basis of action for men who look only to the industrial and practical, and those who regard only the moral aspect of a cause? Let us regard the cotton-grower, recuperate your worn-out lands, and all over, with all opposing forces, to the final accomplishment of its high mission,—to the complete fulfillment of its manifest destiny? The slaveholding class may rejoice in these days of its power,—it may revel and riot over past victories, and glory over Central America,—it may bid its plantations, tools and Judicial bench to pervert truth, justice, history, law and the Constitution for the dismemberment of the Commonwealth, and to allow slavery, in the passionate language of Henry A. Wise, to 'pour itself out with restraint, and find no limit but the Southern ocean.' But let it remember in these hours of revelry, that for these crimes the sense of justice of the world, the humane and Christian civilization of America, will bring it into judgment. Let the slaveholding class realize that these days of power are days of waning power, that it will soon be but once—a united and triumphant North! We should then see that which has never been seen at all—a divided South! We would set up a government that should stand like adamant against every measure for the extension of slavery or the expansion of its power, and directing its vast influence to the development of the industrial interests of the continent; it would silently but surely pave the way for the extinction of slavery itself.

A United North, under a policy of this character, would bring into the arena a new, all-powerful ally in the spirit and form of free labor fighting, to recover its element of permanency in it, is instinct with vital energy, which impel on the great cause, against all and over all opposing forces, to the final accomplishment of its manifest destiny? The slaveholding class may rejoice in these days of its power,—it may revel and riot over past victories, and glory over Central America,—it may bid its plantations, tools and Judicial bench to pervert truth, justice, history, law and the Constitution for the dismemberment of the Commonwealth, and to allow slavery, in the passionate language of Henry A. Wise, to 'pour itself out with restraint, and find no limit but the Southern ocean.' But let it remember in these hours of revelry, that for these crimes the sense of justice of the world, the humane and Christian civilization of America, will bring it into judgment. Let the slaveholding class realize that these days of power are days of waning power, that it will soon be but once—a united and triumphant North! We should then see that which has never been seen at all—a divided South! We would set up a government that should stand like adamant against every measure for the extension of slavery or the expansion of its power, and directing its vast influence to the development of the industrial interests of the continent; it would silently but surely pave the way for the extinction of slavery itself.

The Northern lights are blazing, The Northern skies are bright, And the fair young West is turning Her face to the light!

Now the banners of emancipation are beneath Southern skies. Cassius M. Clay 'calls the battle roll anew' on 'the dark and bloody ground' of his native Kentucky. St. Louis pronounces for emancipation, and sends her chivalrous Blair to represent the interests of her laboring men in the national councils, and her gallant Brown to summon Missouri in her Halls of Legislation, to join the sisterhood of free Commonwealths.

The cause of equal, universal and impartial liberty in America is indissolubly blended with the cause of human liberty and human progress everywhere. Its triumph will be hailed and applauded by mankind everywhere, and through all coming time. The events of this great struggle for the overthrow of the privileged class and the ultimate emancipation of a race, will pass into the enduring history of the country. The eye will glisten and the heart throb over the bright and glowing pages of that history, which shall record the acts in the great work, the Providence of God has assigned to this generation. Let them, the men of the North; ay, and the few but faithful men of the South, whom has been entrusted the radiant and glorious banner of anti-slavery in America, fully comprehend the magnitude, grandeur and dignity of the work assigned them. Let them realize that the eye of God is upon them,—that future generations will accredit their motives and pronounce judgment upon their acts, when the passions, prejudices and interests of this age are hushed forever. Let them realize, also, that the ultimate triumph of the great cause can be hastened or retarded—perhaps for years—by the advocacy of friends as well as by the resistance of enemies. Let them, then, while they cherish a profound reverence for humanity, an inexhaustible love for the rights of man, and ever act with unwavering fidelity to these hallowed convictions—cultivate a general and expansive patriotism that knows no lines of latitude, or of longitude, or points of the compass—adopt a prudent, wise and practicable public policy, that shall demonstrate to the American people their capacity to take care of the varied, multifarious and vast material interests of the nation, and so administer the government as to protect and defend the interests, rights and honor of the country. The remarkable speech of Mr. Douglass, in the early summer, and the late extraordinary letter of President Buchan to Prof. Silliman, indicate with great clearness what that constituency and what the result will be. If the Constitution recognizes slavery either by express provision or by a silence equal to it, it is entirely in the hands of pro-slavery men, pauper, as they choose. They can submit the instrument to just such a constituency as they choose.

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We can explain such glaring incongruities only in this way—Votes are wanted for Mr. Banks, in all directions, to make him Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. B.'s speech was actually delivered, for want of time; so that we cannot tell with what favor it would have been received by the Convention. It reads very much like an old-fashioned anti-slavery speech, and we do not doubt expresses the real feelings and desires of Mr. Wilson, though it breathes a very different spirit, and speaks in a very different tone from some of his utterances at Washington, and his letter to the Disunion Convention at Worcester last winter. What relevancy it had to the occasion, we are unable to perceive. The Republican party has for its motto, 'Freedom national, Slavery sectional'. Mr. W. exclaims with us, 'Freedom everywhere, Slavery nowhere.' He is no longer a Republican, but an abolitionist; and admonishes all who listen to him to apprehend the grandeur of the struggle and the solemnity of their obligations—especially the young men of Massachusetts. But all this glowing rhetoric ends in a hearty recognition of Mr. Banks as the man for the crisis, the champion of freedom,—which is very much like ending in smoke. For Mr. Banks, instead of encouraging any agitation, or fearing that there is any necessity for it, says 'it is not indispensable that the sentiment of our people upon the subject of slavery should be made broader or deeper, and declares that we suffer as much from our zeal as from indifference.'

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SEPTEMBER 18.

THE LIBERATOR.

REMINISCENCES.

DEAR YERRINGTON:

You and I were play fellows in boyhood, some five and forty years ago! Indeed, I believe you are, now, the only person, except my own relatives, of whom I have so long a remembrance, extending back, as will bear me witness, to incidents in the war with Great Britain in 1812. So quickly does time pass away! And now, I find my old friend toiling at the case on THE LIBERATOR, a most honorable employment, and devoting his best days to the cause of Human Freedom. May he have gratitude for the present, and hope for the future—hope for himself, and for the whole human race!

Here is a letter I received, as you will see, from Mr. Garrison, twenty-six years ago. It is interesting as having been written in his 'first love,' and will enable us to see whether he has backsidened or not. I submit it to you, with a hope that it may find a place in THE LIBERATOR.

Yours truly,
LAROY SUNDERLAND,

Boston, September 14, 1857.

WE thank our old friend, as we are sure the readers of THE LIBERATOR will, for the privilege (with the editor's consent) of laying this heroic and heavenly-tempered letter before the public. Our 'honorable employment' of 'toiling at the case on THE LIBERATOR,' to which our friend alludes, though at times wearisome to the flesh, is nevertheless a delightful task, and always strengthening to the soul and spirit—x.

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1831.

DEAR SIR:

I labor under very signal obligations to you for your disclosures, relative to my personal safety. These do not move me from my purpose the breadth of a hair.

Desperate wretches exist at the South, no doubt, who would assassinate me for a sixpence. Still, I was aware of this peril when I began my advocacy of the cause of the slave. Slaveholders deem me their enemy; but my aim is simply to benefit and save them, and not to injure them. I value their bodies and souls at a high price, though I abominate their crimes.

Moreover, I do not justify the slaves in their rebellion; yet I do not condemn them, and applaud similar conduct in white men. I deny the right of any people to fight for liberty, and so far am a Quaker in principle. Of all men living, however, our slaves have the best reason to assert their rights by violent measures, inasmuch as they are more oppressed than others.

My duty is plain—my path without embarrassment. I shall still continue to expose the criminality and danger of slavery, be the consequences what they may to myself. I hold my life at a cheap rate: I know it is imminent danger: but if the assassin take it away, the Lord will raise up another and a better avenger in my stead.

Again thanking you for your friendly letter, I remain, in haste,

Yours, in the best of bonds,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

To LA ROT SUNDERLAND.

SLAVE LAW CASE.

To the Editor of the Liberator.—(Ky.) Sept. 9, 1857.

I send you a statement of a law case, recently decided in this State, that may be of interest to your readers. The case has been appealed, but I have little hope of its reversal. The Dred Scott decision is making its mark. Five years ago, no Kentucky court would have ever thought of rendering such a decision as the one I report.

Stephen Kyler, a negro, who was born a slave, was emancipated by his master, Joseph Kyler, in 1813, and since that time was a free man. For several years prior to his emancipation, he cohabited with and was the husband (so far as by the laws of Kentucky, the place of their residence and nativity, he could be a husband) of a female slave named Cynthia, the property of a neighbor, Joseph Kyler, the former owner of Stephen, who was a bachelor and an old man, being anxious to secure Cynthia to Stephen as a wife, purchased her of her owner, but could not, under the Kentucky Constitution of 1850, and an act of the Legislature passed in pursuance thereof, emancipate her without her emigrating from the State, which was not required by law when Stephen was freed. This being the case, and Stephen and Cynthia desiring to remain in Kentucky, Joseph Kyler consulted a lawyer as to the best method of effecting his intentions, who advised him to convey her to Stephen, which he did in 1853, without any consideration. The conveyance, which was an ordinary bill of sale, was absolute on its face, but the object and understanding of the parties was not to convey Cynthia to Stephen as property, or so as to lay her liable for his debts, or to enable him to sell her or exercise any other power or control over her than that of husband, and he has at no time claimed or exercised any other right or power.

Prior to this conveyance, in the year 1849, Hon. George W. Dunlap, a lawyer, had recovered a judgment against Stephen for attorney's fees, and in 1857 had a writ of *scire facias* on the judgment, and levied an officer on Cynthia as the property of Stephen, and was proceeding to have her sold as a slave for its satisfaction. To prevent this, a suit was instituted by Stephen and Cynthia against Dunlap and the officer, by which they prayed the court to declare that she was not the *property*, but the wife of Stephen; and even if she should be held to be the property of Stephen, that she was not liable for Dunlap's debt, it having been contracted before the conveyance of Cynthia to Stephen; and the conveyance, if fraudulent as to Stephen's creditors at all, in consequence of being unconditional, (as contended for by Dunlap,) was not fraudulent as to creditors whose claims were in existence at the time.

The case was tried at the August term, 1857, of the Garrard Circuit Court, in the State of Kentucky, and was elaborately argued by Allan A. Burton and L. Landrum, Esq., for Stephen and Cynthia, and by Dunlap for himself; and the court held that Cynthia was not a wife, but property merely, and as such liable to be sold for her husband's debt to Dunlap.

The decision was appealed from, and will be tried at the December term, 1857, of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

THE REINS TIGHTENING.

Extract of a private letter from a highly intelligent gentleman in Missouri.—

'I think the tyrant reins of slaveholding are being drawn so tight, (or taut, as the sailor says,) that they must soon break. Clay is dead, Benton is dead, politically, and the cause of slavery is in the hands of Southern madmen and Northern doughties, like Cass and Webster, who would be glad to see slavery killed, but who dare not help to kill it. To me, it seems certain that the country will soon be where slavery will have to die, or else we must all be slaves. We must settle the point whether slavery or liberty shall govern the territories, and the determination of that question will determine its continuance in the States. In Missouri, we have fairly turned the prejudice against the negroes into a new channel, where it works against slavery, because the white laborers will not work by the side of the negro slave. Hence we will try to drive the slave out of the State, and the prejudice which has heretofore sustained slavery will now oppose it. There is also a strong Northern emigration coming into the State, and in a few years, I expect to see most of the slaves removed. They will never increase. But slavery, when abolished in this State, will be abolished by prejudice, and not by principle.'

Let freedom be decreed on principle, Missourians!

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.
ELMIRA WATER CURE, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1857.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

Again we are in the field of active labor, as soldiers enlisted in the warfare for freedom. Our meetings thus far, though not largely attended, have been composed of a most intelligent and interesting class of persons, and we hope and believe that much good will come of them, in the respective localities in which they have been held. This, as you know, is a portion of New York upon which very little of our kind of labor has been bestowed. The old 'mad-dog' cry of 'Infidelity' has been thoroughly sounded in relation to us, especially at Owego, at which place we closed a series of four meetings last evening. For something more than a year past, the Rev. Dr. Cox has been preaching in Owego, and of course the people who have been blessed (I should say cured) with his ministrations would see little else than *dangerous infidelity* in any thing that faithfully exposed a pro-slavery, time-serving religion. The Rev. Time-server's influence so far as it has extended, has been most pernicious; but we found a few earnest, truth-loving spirits at Owego, some of whom subscribed for the Standard, and I trust that our work will not be without good and lasting results.

To-morrow, we commence a series of meetings in Corning, to continue two days, after which we return to this place (Elmira) for a two days' Convention. Surely, there was never greater need of our labors than in the present crisis. May the 'crisis' continue, until the 'oppressed' shall go free.'

As ever, truly yours,
AARON M. POWELL.LETTER FROM CHARLES L. REMOND.
MARLBORO', Stark Co., O., Sept. 9, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. GARRISON:

This hurried note will intimate to you the safe arrival of Sarah and myself in Alliance on Saturday noon, whereat we found the Western Anti-Slavery Society in session, and fairly opened, under a large tent and in a beautiful grove owned by our friend L. R. Hayes, to whom, together with Mrs. Hayes and family, we are deeply indebted for their attentions and hospitality during our stay. The audience under the tent far exceeded our expectations in numbers, and for interest, intelligence, enthusiasm and unanimity of spirit and purpose, I have never seen it surpassed.

Our friends, S. S. and A. K. Foster, Mrs. Coleman, Pillsbury, were on hand from beginning to end, and never did better work for the cause. To neither party nor sect did they give quarter, nor ask it of them.

The meeting opened with high-toned resolutions, and the key-note given by the first speaker was an unmistakable one, and sustained throughout the many sessions without the appearance of abatement, qualification or reservation. The Chairman found it difficult to keep the vast assembly upon their seats, from actual eagerness to see every thing passing and to hear every thing said. Upwards of \$500 were paid and promised to carry forward the cause, many subscribers added to the Bugle, and first-rate work opened to the local friends and to the several agents from the East.

Although I have not fully regained my strength, I never felt more Hale and hearty for the struggle. I often spoke of you in answer to inquiring friends around me in the meeting, and as often did we wish that you were present to participate in the proceedings, and to join in the general expression of hope and encouragement inspired by the glorious gathering and demonstration just passed.

My sheet is full, and I can only add the desire to be kindly remembered to the friends at 21 Cornhill, Yours faithfully,

CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

P. S. It was said that there were three thousand persons present at the meeting on Sunday, and every body appeared to be upon their good behavior. A good sign.

C. L. R.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE WESTERN A. S. SOCIETY.

SALEM, Ohio, Sept. 9, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND MAY:

The anniversary meeting at Alliance closed on Monday. It was, on the whole, the best one I ever saw in the West. It was well attended, and the discussions were very spirited, and mainly interesting.

Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that the

Young Men's Convention, for the ratification of the nomination of Hon. N. P. Banks for Governor, met in Worcester on the 8th inst. at Mechanics Hall. George White, Esq., of Quincy, presided, and speech-making was done by Hon. J. C. Frémont, Hon. Sullivan Ballou of Rhode Island, Hon. J. T. Hovey of New York, Hon. S. C. Maine of Chelsea, D. W. Goode of Melrose, Hon. C. C. Chaffee, Hon. C. L. Knapp, M. C. A., John L. Swift, George Odiorne, Hon. Gideon Haynes, Z. K. Pangborn and others, and a series of resolutions endorsing the nomination of Mr. Banks, and in favor of a cordial union of all the friends of freedom in the future, on the paramount issue of opposition to the extension of slavery, were adopted unanimously. Several thousand people were present, and everything passed off harmoniously.

I have nothing to do with what the *Anti-Slavery* of this country may deem it proper to do in regard to that stipulation; but this I will venture to say, that when it pleases that provision of the treaty, it will still find it necessary, for the enforcement of the laws of the United States, as well as for the protection of the traffic of merchant vessels on that coast—a traffic every year increasing in value, and destined in the end to be of vast magnitude—to maintain a fleet of at least eighty gunboats on the coast of Africa. It might be worthy of consideration by the next Committee of Correspondence, whether they revise the cancelling of the provision in question, and denounce it as an insult to the South, they should not first repeat the law relative to piracy in regard to the slave trade.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN TYLER.

August 31, 1857.

A. D. L. R.

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A. D

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

A WORD TO THE WISE IS ENOUGH.
When partnership links the strong to the weak,
How palied the strong one's arm!
• You will ruin us both; sit quiet and wait:
So he yields to the weak ones' alarm.
A word to the wise.

Of the tyrant Mezentius, the wicked, the vile,
And his cruelty, have ye ne'er read?
How he link'd the fresh and breathing life
To the louthsome corpse of the dead?

A word to the wise.

Did ye never read in those Eastern tales
How Sinbad, the Sailor bold,
Was bowed and bent by that vile old man,
And half killed by his strangling fold?

A word to the wise.

And the Babylonian despot's dream
Of the image on Dura's plain,

• Those feet were iron and miry clay—
How they crumbled to dust again?

A word to the wise.

Thus mixed with the miry clay of the South
Are the iron New England States—

What chemist can these amalgamate?
And what but disunion awaits?

A word to the wise.

Tenterden, (England.) JANE ASHBY.

For the Liberator.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

"Ah! I sighed poor Besie, 'I'm so tired out with work, I sometimes think I can't enjoy heaven till I rest a little first. I'm afraid of going straight there with a good sleep in the grave, where the weary mill bell can never wake me any more.'—Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*.

*Never sorrow for me, Margaret,
When I go from this poor place,
For all I grieve at leaving, dear,
Is your pifful sweet face.

I shall be glad to find at last
The rest for which I pine;

There are few joys to part with
In such a life as mine;

"Tis a weary sound of labor,
Full of cares that grind and fret,
For the daily bread we pray for,

And the rest we never get.

Do not sorrow when you lay me
Where purple heath-bells wave;

I'm too weary yet for heaven,
Let me sleep long in my grave.

Let me sleep without the dreams
That often drive me wild

With yearning love and sorrow

For the starving little child,

Whose patient face looked into mine,

(Ah me! how pinched and white!)

Whose wasted arms clung closely

Through all that bitter night,

Whose feeble voice called after me,

Implored me to stay,

When the cruel mill-bell rang,

And summoned me away.

And all that day I heard the cry,
"Oh, Besie, come to Will!"

But when I flew to answer it,

The little voice was still.

The patient child had found at last

The ease I could not give:

God will forgive me that I went,—

I worked that he might live.

My heart is drained of all its tears;

I will not try to weep.

For little Will is happier now,

"Neath the warm sad fast asleep.

Pain and Want, like angels veiled,

Showed him enough of woe

To wean his heart from this sad world,

And make him glad to go.

With gentle hands they led him hence,

From this life hard and drear:

Dear God, be kind to little Will,

He had so few joys here.

His blessed rest will soon be mine,

And my weary eyes will see

No tall black chimneys 'gainst the sky,

Dimming its blue to me.

I shall not draw my breath with pain

In the stilling factory rooms,

And my dizzy head will never whirl

To the jangling of the looms.

There'll be no lying down at night,

Too tired for any prayer,

No rising up in the dreary dawn

To the old grief and despair.

No bitter thoughts of happier souls,

Who know no want nor sin,

Who stand like ilies in the sun;

And "neither toll nor spin";

Who never know what weary hands

Weave garments for their wear;

I would to heaven they could read

The histories written there;

What sighs and tears are woven in,

What cheeks pale in the gloom,

What homes are darkened by despair,

What hearts break at the loom.

I shall forget all in my rest,

Nor ask for life again,

When pitying death shall free my soul

From its prison-house of pain.

Let me lie far out on the sunny moor,

Where no sound is heard; hear,

No human footstep passing by,

No voice of singing bird.

I am tired of sound and motion,

And shall never lie at ease,

If I be not very far away

From the noisy factories.

I shall not fear to slumber there,

For the sky 'll be over head,

The blawed sky I cannot see

Here, lying on my bed.

The fragrant heath will cover me,

Secure from heat and cold,

And the sunshine (seen so seldom)

Will lure flowers from the mould.

Bear me to the same green hollow

Where my little Willie went;

Lay me close beside my darling,

And I shall be content.

Do not sorrow for me, Margaret,

But thank God I am there,

At rest forever and forever,

In the blessed sun and air.

Tread very lightly as you pass

Where the purple heath-bells wave;

I'm too weary yet for heaven,

Let me sleep long in my grave."

L. M. A.

For the Liberator.

SWEET MEMORIES.

There's a soft and golden light
Round our memories of the past,
That doth never fade away,

Though the sky be overcast;

But forever brightly shines

Through our lone and weary hours,

And as gloriously beams

When our path is rich with flow'r.

Deeds of love and gentle words

Kindest such immortal light;

With our whole hearts then we blesse

Those who make our mem'ries bright.

The Liberator.

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